

*The history*

*Prin.* Faith tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaffs sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and said hee would swear truth out of England, but hee would make you beleene it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to do the like.

*Bar.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spearegrasse, to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeare before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuices.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eighteene yeares ago, and wert taken with the maner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away, what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*Prin.* I do.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot liuers, and cold purses.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Prin.* No if rightly taken halter. Here commes leane iacke, here commes bare bone: how now my sweete creature of bumbast, how long ist ago iacke since thou sawest thine owne knee?

*Fal.* My owne knee, when I was about thy yeares (Hall) I was not an Eagles talent in the waste, I could haue crept into anie Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of fighting and grief, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Thers villainous newes abroad, heere was sir Iohn Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North Percie, and he of Wales that gaue Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the diuel his true liegeman vpon the crosse of a Welsh hooke: what a plague call you him?

*Poynes.* O Glendower.

*Falst.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in lawe Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horsebacke vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with his pistoll killes a sparrow flying.

*Falst.*

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*Falst.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the sparro

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath good runne.

*Prin.* Why, what a rascall art thou running?

*Fal.* A horsebacke (ye cuckoe) b a foote.

*Prin.* Yes Iacke, vpon instinct.

*Falst.* I grant ye vpon instinct: Mordacke, and a thousand blew away to night, thy fathers beard is you may buy land now as cheape a

*Prin.* Why then, it is like if there ciuill buffeting hold, we shall buy n nailes, by the hundreds.

*Falst.* By the masse lad thou saiest good trading that way: but tell me afearde? thou being heire apparant out three such enemies againe? as th rit Percy, and that diuel Glendower doth not thy bloud thril at it?

*Prin.* Not a whit ifaith, I lacke fo

*Falst.* Well thou wilt bee horribl thou comest to thy father, if th swere.

*Prin.* Do thou stand for my faith particulars of my life.

*Falst.* Shall I? content. This chain ger my scepter, and this cushion my

*Prin.* Thy state is taken for a ioy for a leaden dagger, and thy precise bald crowne.

*Falst.* Well, and the fire of gr nowe shalt thou be mooued. Giue my eyes looke redde, that it ma for I must speake in passion, and I vaine.